

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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*The Maid of Switzerland.*

A TALE.

IN a delightful vale near the lake of Geneva resided Madame de Clemengis and her daughter. Monsieur de Clemengis had been dead some years. They had formerly shone in the politest circles of fashion in the metropolis of France, but having lost the greatest part of their fortune by a law-suit, and feeling how differently every thing appears when fortune no longer gilds the scene, they gladly retired from a situation that served only to remind them of the splendour of that from which they had fallen; and which, though it had ceased to afflict them, they could not forbear sometimes regretting. Possessed however of liberal minds, and hearts of the most lively sensibility they soon found their retirement yielded pleasures more congenial to their dispositions than those they had so long blindly engaged in. They found sufficient resources from satiety or disgust by the education of their daughter, whose birth happened soon after their removal into Switzerland. Occupied in this pleasing employment, they felt their pleasures increase in proportion as each year added graces to her person, or unfolded the beauties of her mind. But this tranquil felicity, this temperate enjoyment of happiness, was destined, like every thing sublunary, to be disturbed. Mons. de Clemengis was fond of herbalising: he had formed a pretty extensive herbal, which his greatest delight was to increase; it had almost become a passion with him.

One day amusing himself in his accus-

tomed manner with wandering in search of plants to enrich his collection, he reached the summit of a mountain, on one side of which yawned a frightful precipice. Unfortunately, Mons. de Clemengis in looking down discovered a plant he had long been in search of; happy in having at length found it and eager for the possession, he stretched forth his hand and leaned part of his body over to seize it, when a piece of the rock giving way he fell in. Imagine, if possible, the grief, the unutterable anguish, of Madame de Clemengis on becoming acquainted with the dreadful accident; with the most ardent feelings, tenderly attached to a husband who adored her and who merited all her fondness—in that dreadful moment, when clasping her daughter to her bosom convulsed with anguish she bewailed the fate of her husband!—in that moment, when reason itself seems to yield its place to the acuter feelings of nature and the tyranny of the passions;—what but the aids of religion the most pure, and philosophy the most solid, could have sustained and subdued such a mind so tried! Julia, though old enough to feel acutely her loss, yet was of that age when sorrow remains not long an inmate; a girl twelve years of age, tho' capable of feeling strongly, has too little reflection long to retain melancholy impressions. Julia, her own grief somewhat meliorated, helped to alleviate the pangs of her mother, and by degrees her affliction subsided into a calm but lasting regret. Time, though it could not obliterate, yet softened her sorrow. More than ever attached to her solitude, since death had deprived her of him who alone could make society pleasing to her, she devoted herself to the education of her daughter, who seemed destined to console her for what she had lost in her father. In

the bosom of innocence their days glided on in a happy obscurity, undisturbed by the vicissitudes of hope or the languors of disappointment. Oh, happy state of serenity and repose! let the gay and ambitious, who glide along the stream of pleasure, or swell with the tide of fortune, condemn thee! They who have felt the mutability of her smiles know how to value thee.

One evening as they were taking their accustomed walk, Madame de Clemengis, somewhat wearied, proposed resting herself on the root of a tree that grew at the foot of a mountain, to which Julia acceding they seated themselves, and with rapture unspeakable surveyed the romantic country around them, whose wild beauties heightened by the gloom which the evening shades cast over them, gave those sweet transports, that soft enthusiasm, which the true sublime ever produces; it is then the heart feels itself expand, and the eyes are involuntarily suffused with tears excited by those delightful sensations. Nature always wonderful, sometimes stupendous, certainly no where displays more magnificence than in the noble extravagancies of this land of liberty. Julia, soon refreshed, prompted by curiosity ascended the mountain in order to view the adjacent country, whilst her mother remained seated. She had scarcely gained the summit when she heard a noise, and turning her head, perceived two persons struggling with each other; a moment afterwards one fell, when the other setting his knee on him that was fallen pointed a pistol to his breast. Julia, shocked and terrified, ran or rather flew down the hill to her mother, but so much agitated, that unable to relate what she had seen, she could only intreat her to call to Ambrose (an honest Swiss, their domestic) who was at some little distance

from them. Ambrose in a instant appeared; when, beckoning him to follow, she flew to the spot; but how was she dismayed, when she beheld only one of the two she had seen, who was extended on the earth apparently lifeless. Madame de Clemengis, astonished at the wildness of her daughter's manner, had followed, and now came up. On perceiving the object before them, she was almost as much terrified as Julia, but speedily recollecting herself, she examined the body, and perceived he was not dead, nor had received any material wound, but was only stunned with the violence of the blow he had received. She immediately ordered Ambrose to run home and fetch proper things to recover him. Remedies being applied he soon recovered, and with the assistance of Ambrose he was led to their dwelling. In their way the stranger endeavoured to express his gratitude for the tenderness and benevolence of his unknown benefactors; but Madame de Clemengis entreated him not to ascribe so much merit to an ordinary act of humanity. "Ah, Madam, (said he) it is not the action, but the manner in which it is performed, that stamps the obligation."

By this time they were at home, and the lights gave them an opportunity of seeing each other more clearly. The stranger appeared struck with the beauty and grace of Julia, whilst she seemed equally surprised and pleased with his air and person, which was graceful and elegant in the extreme. Madame de Clemengis, more astonished than either, could not help repeatedly looking at him as one whose person was familiar to her.

He was now put to bed, and by the skill and care of Madame de Clemengis, whose knowledge of medicine was considerable, he was soon perfectly recovered. He then informed them he was a native of France, and by what means he came into that unfortunate situation they rescued him from. "I certainly," said he, "in some measure deserved the severe accident I met with, since it was partly occasioned by my own imprudence. But I know not how to feel that regret I ought for having committed a folly, since it has been productive of such happy consequences as introducing me to you, *Ladies*, or rather *Beings* whose benignity would almost make it pardonable in me to imagine myself in the regions of Fairy-land, and myself some highly-favoured prince conversing with the good genii of the mountains." Madame de Clemengis smiled at this gallant rhapsody, and he proceeded: "It was my design to make a tour of Italy, and I travelled as far as Avignon in the usual manner, when

the whim seized me of pursuing my journey through Switzerland on foot. At the former place I took leave of the Marquis de Valmont, who accompanied me."—Madame de Clemengis started when the stranger mentioned the name of the Marquis de Valmont, something suggested an idea, in her mind. She enquired if he were related to the Marquis; he replied, he is my father, Madam, "What is it I see! Do I behold a nephew of Mons. de Clemengis?" "Mons. de Clemengis!" reiterated he, "Ah, Madam is it possible! do I flatter myself when I think I see in the charming objects now before me those nearly connected with that uncle of whose fate every one is ignorant? How fortunate am I in this unexpected *rencontre*." Madame de Clemengis embraced him with transport as a nephew of her unfortunate husband's; and he, equally charmed, beheld with pleasure his new relations. Equally pleased with each other, Valmont continued with them long after the restoration of his health had left him without that plea for delaying his departure. Fond of the society of Madame de Clemengis, whose company was as pleasing as her character was amiable, and becoming every day more enamoured of Julia, he would willingly have continued still longer with them, had he not been apprehensive his father would be offended at his not pursuing his tour.

Madame de Clemengis could not but perceive the growing attachment of both for each other, yet relying on the prudence of Julia and the honour of Valmont, she did not discourage their passion. Valmont, unreserved and open in the extreme in every other part of his conduct, was by no means explicit on this: though his very looks spoke a language that might be construed into an avowal of love, yet his tongue was silent; nor did any thing escape his lips which could amount to a declaration of love. Obligated at length to depart, he took his leave of them without declaring his sentiments, but with an expression of grief and poignant distress, as unfeigned as touching, which penetrated the tender susceptible bosom of Julia, and gave additional strength to a passion already too deeply rooted. Soon after his departure Madame de Clemengis received a letter from him, in which he "lamented his absence from them as the severest affliction, and looked back with the fondest regret to those moments of exquisite pleasure he had enjoyed in their presence. Impatient to see them again, he was more eager to finish his tour than he had been to commence it; and he hoped, by the next spring to be able to return, when he should have

ten with transport to throw himself at their feet.

Julia was delighted with this assurance of the certainty of seeing him again, but inwardly mourned the tedious months that must elapse ere she could have that satisfaction. The time to her dragged heavily along before the spring returned. At length it approached: Madame de Clemengis saw with concern how much she was interested in the hope of seeing Valmont. Fearful of the consequences of a passion which already appeared so powerful, she trembled for her daughter, whose susceptibility exposed her to much severity of affliction should she suffer a disappointment, which Valmont's ambiguity rendered not an impossibility.

Filled with anxiety for her daughter, she saw him arrive with a concern and embarrassment she could not wholly suppress; but the candour and ingenuousness of Valmont's manners soon dissipated those fears a tender mother's solicitude had suggested: for such was the prevailing integrity and openness of his demeanor, that suspicion fled from his presence; and it was impossible when with him to doubt his truth for a moment. From this pleasing trait in his character, he never failed to attach those around him. Madame de Clemengis felt the affection of a mother for him, she made a thousand apologies, for his mysterious conduct, without falling upon the true one.

Happy in again seeing him, Julia was all spirit and gaiety; but there soon followed a visible alteration: instead of joy and pleasure she seemed oppressed with a sadness and melancholy she could not shake off. Valmont too appeared gloomy and reserved; he lost his natural openness and vivacity. Madame de Clemengis was unable to account for this change in the disposition of both; but Valmont, by disclosing the situation of her heart, soon made her acquainted with the cause. After subduing the sensations of grief which seemed to rise with such force as almost to suppress the powers of utterance, he said, "I am going, before I leave you, (which will not be long) first to open to you a heart, which though erring, is not wholly depraved; that feels severely the contumely I merit, for the duplicity of my conduct. I am sensible I hazard the loss of that esteem and regard you have honoured me with, and which is dearer to me than my life, by disclosing to you how little I deserve it. Culpable however as I am in my own eyes, my heart is clear from the turpitude of premeditated baseness. I was compelled at an early age, by an austere and absolute father, in order to



gratify his ambition, to marry a woman I could not either love or esteem; whose temper, as unamiable as her person, soon obliged me to separate from her. Thus become single, though in wedlock, I seemed to forget my bondage, and almost persuaded myself I was wholly freed from the shackles of a forced union. But, alas! by a circumstance that makes it doubly insupportable, I am roused to the cruel reflection that I still wear the iron chains, forged by that hated marriage."

(To be continued.)

### Diversity.

*How to Change Winter into Spring; a curious Device, from Hooper's Rational Recreations.*

A Sympathetic ink is made by dissolving Zaffre in *Aqua Regia*, diluting the solution with water. Forms, or characters, drawn or traced with this fluid, will not be visible unless they are exposed to the warmth of the sun's rays, or are brought near the fire, where they will appear of a lively green colour. A print is taken, or a drawing made that represents winter, in which the ground appears naked and dreary, and the trees without leaves. The intended foliage is to be drawn with the sympathetic ink, in the proper places, and remain invisible. On hanging the print however in the sun's rays, or near the fire, a new creation will appear; for the scene, which before presented winter, will now exhibit the beauties of spring, by the appearance of the luxuriant foliage that had been drawn with the invisible ink. On placing the drawing in the cold, winter will re-assume its seat, and it will be again succeeded by spring, on replacing the print in its former warm situation. These changes will happen repeatedly, *totes quoties*, unless the print should be exposed to too great a degree of heat; in which case it will ever afterward exhibit the appearance of autumn.

*Origin of the THREE TAILS, a badge of honour among the Turks.*

In the early days of Turkish monarchy, before its dominions were so widely spread as they are at present, the Turks were defeated in a pitched battle, and 6,000 of them made prisoners—They were all kept together instead of having been divided into small bodies, and sent into different towns for the sake of being more securely guarded. Some of them observing that the guard was not very nu-

merous, and that they were very far from being vigilant, conceived hopes that they might, by a bold effort, recover their liberty, and make their guards their prisoners. They communicated their plan to the body at large, and it was unanimously resolved that they should free themselves or perish in the attempt. They had no colours or standards under which they might arrange themselves; and they resolved to supply the defect, by cutting off the tails of some horses belonging to the guards: Having done this, they raised them on high, fixed upon the point of poles, and so advanced to attack their guards, whom they easily overthrew; and being thus freed by their own intrepidity, they marched away and reached their own territory, before an army could be collected to oppose or impede their march.—In commemoration of this transaction, their cavalry have ever since borne standards resembling horse tails, which have also become the badge of their generals, whose military rank is known by the number of those tails that they bear. No general among them bears more than three; and according to the number of them, these generals are denominated *pachas* of one, two, or three tails.

### MAXIMS FOR DEMAGOGUES.

AFFECT a bustle, and you instantly pass for a man of importance. The world is so little and abject, that it will cringe and bow in proportion as you assume. If you would be heard attentively, speak with confidence. Nothing quashes petulance so much as the firm, intrepid tone of assurance. So that to secure obedience, we need only learn to command.

Avoid simplicity, probity, and candour, they are too homely, too antiquated, too vulgar things to make any figure where affectation predominates; they may seek preferment in another world if they will, but a thousand chances are against them in this.

### GAZETTE.

Several persons in company were exercising their imaginations upon the origin of the word *Gazette*. One derived it from the Greek word *gaza*, signifying a treasure—another from a town in Italy, called *Gazetta*, where newspapers first appeared; but a third, unwilling to trace the matter so far from home, said, the name was evidently given these papers because they were made to *gaze at*.

### FEMALE VIRTUE.

In a gallery of the library of the Archduke Leopold at Vienna, is placed a statue of a country girl, who immortalized herself by the following action:—One day as she was at work in the country, a soldier, whose desires she was not willing to gratify, undertook to have by force, what his persuasions and presents had not enabled him to obtain; but the robust girl seized him by the body, covered him with her cloak, and carried him in this manner, before a magistrate, to whose authority she committed him to receive the punishment of his insolence. The strength, the courage, and the virtue of this young woman were all so conspicuous, that it was resolved they should be rendered perpetually so, by raising a statue to her memory.

A German Chemist has lately analyzed one of the *Episcopal Addresses* presented to Bonaparte, which he finds to contain 120 grains of *flattery*, 100 grains of *hypocrisy*, 80 grains of *blasphemy*, 60 grains of *irony*, but not one grain of *truth*!

### POLYAUTOGRAPHY.

A Recent London publication mentions a new invention for impressions of original drawings; and of which specimens have been published in London. The drawing is made on a stone with a pen and liquid resembling India Ink, or with a composition not unlike French or Italian chalk; and by a simple chemical process, this single drawing is rendered capable of yielding an indefinite number of impressions without the interference of a graver or any other instrument. Thus a drawing may be multiplied, without losing in the smallest degree, that spirit of freedom, and those nicer characteristic touches which constitute the great merit of an original design, and distinguish it from a copy. The inventor is a German named ALOYS SENESSELDER. A patent was obtained for the invention.

### "A VIEW OF SOUTH CAROLINA."

POLITICAL, natural, geographical, civil, military, agricultural, &c. is published by John Drayton, esq. governor of that state. As the sources of this gentleman's information must be authentic, we doubt not that his work is an useful and valuable account of the state over which he presides. It would be an important acquisition to the American and literary world if some gentlemen, whose talents and opportunities qualify them for the undertaking, would furnish complete histories of each state in the Union.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*The Lucubator, No. 6.*

## THE GRAVE.

"Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave,  
The just, the good, the worthless and profane;  
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;  
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean;  
The suppliant statesman, and the patriot stern....  
The wrecks of nations, and the spoil of time;  
With all the lumber of six thousand years."

WHO is it, O GRAVE! that can say he fears thee not? Where is the man who has been heard to assert, that he is void of the fear of thee? He who is basking in the sunshine of wealth, to whom fortune has been propitious, and on whom she hath bestowed her gifts in abundance: is he fearless of the Grave? doth he think at any time that he can with his riches purchase a reprieve? No! he cannot harbour such an idea for a moment: Conscience will loudly inform him, notwithstanding of the boasted riches which rendered him enviable, that he must soon visit that

—————"darksome place  
Where nor device, nor knowledge ever came."

Is it in the power of him who hath ascended the highest pinnacle of unbounded authority; who governeth his thousands; who at will giveth or taketh the life of a subject, and is accountable to none; whose power is absolute, none daring to counteract his designs, or dispute his will;—I say, is it in the power of such an one to bid the "king of terrors" begone?....Alas! Death obeys him not: he must likewise "shake hands with dust, and call the worm his kinsman." Can the vain-glorious man, who liveth in the absurd belief, that an *hereafter* is a mere dream; who sayeth in his heart, *there is no God*; who vauntingly exclaimeth, "where is the God you worship? shew him to me and I will likewise adore him"—Can he relieve himself from his fears? or has he made a covenant with Death? Sacrilegious and profane wretch! too soon wilt thou see HIM! too soon wilt thou stand before the bar of thy justly offended Judge!—Many suppose a character of this description is entirely divested of all fear of the Grave—Mistaken notion!—Let us view him on a bed of sickness—what horror surrounds him! he now dreads nothing more than that future state, the existence of which he once affected to disbelieve—knowing, as he does, that he must, unavoidably, soon appear before that God whom he had hitherto despised!—dreadful thought! \* \* \* \* \* If this temera-

rious and blasphemous wretch is not exempt from that fear of the "narrow cell" which o'erpowers all mankind, who is? Is the son of Esculapius, who with his

—————"boasted implements of art,  
And all his well-cramm'd magazines of health,"

presumes to attempt to deprive death of his victim? Far from it—he too! must surrender himself up an *unwilling* victim: he must likewise be laid in the cold tomb, where thousands have preceded him, notwithstanding his boasted catholicans for the preservation and prolongation of life..... All! all! must indubitably acknowledge the subduing power of the messenger of the grave; and to that power all must resign themselves—Alas! those who now are in the enjoyment of all sublunary things; who flatter themselves they are yet to be preserved many years, may, perhaps, in only a few hours visit that mysterious and unintelligible "bourne from whence no traveller returns" to tell

"The secrets of his prison house."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Tell us ye dead! will none of you, in pity  
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?  
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,  
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be."

O dreaded, obscured silent *Grave*! how many hast thy insatiable maw devoured! and yet the living are unprepared!—Death, the remorseless and cruel monster, hurries all to "eternity's dread brink," regardless of the prayers and intreaties of surviving friends and relatives—The grave incloses us, and we are no more heard of \* \* \* \*

"Invidious *Grave*! how thou rends in sunder  
Whom love has knit and sympathy made one;  
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band."

S.

## HOPE.

WHAT is, then, this secret instinct that makes us in love with the future, and constantly draws the mind to the time at which we have not yet arrived?—It is Hope.—Hope carries its consoling rays into the recesses of the dungeon; smiles on the pillow of the sick; and watches night and day at the door of the indigent.

"The Creator," says the author of the *Henriade*, "has placed among us two friendly beings; constant and amiable inhabitants of the earth; our supporters in peril, —our treasures in indigence;—Hope and Sleep,—the foes of Care."

Religion makes hope a virtue—paganism has made it a divinity. The poets repre-

sent it as the sister of Sleep, which suspends our sorrows; and of death, that ends them.

Pindar calls Hope the "nurse of Old Age." It sustains us in every period of life; it blooms in every season, like the myrtle that preserves its verdure through the year:—it is not without reason.

A certain author says,—"*Hope makes us live.*"—The human mind is essentially active; when it ceases to hope, it begins to languish.

It has been observed, that a sentiment is more or less permanent in proportion to its violence: nothing is more fleeting than surprise, anger, fright. Nature, desirous that hope should be extinguished only with life, has made it a milder sentiment. Most of the passions are like the burning rays of the meridian sun. The illusions of Hope are the beams of the moon shining mildly in the night.

Hope makes upon the soul the same impression that green colour, which is its symbol, produces on the sight. But what gives a peculiar charm to Hope, is, the tender melancholy that always accompanies it; the comparison between the present and the future; the privation of a good, and the perspective of its enjoyment, produce a mixture of sadness and joy that takes entire possession of the soul, and fills it with a delicious sensation.

How often, in the times of revolution and civil discord, have victims been given up to the sword by the very persons on whom they had heaped favours?—When so many unfortunate beings have been betrayed by their friends and abandoned by their relatives, what an affecting spectacle to behold Hope still stretching out the hand!—Hope alone remained at the post of Friendship: at its voice the doors of eternal bliss flew open, and the scaffold became the ladder to Heaven!

But if Hope has sometimes consoled the unhappy, it oftens becomes, by mistaking its object, a source of care and sorrow. Nothing is so nearly connected with despair as foolish expectations—Hope does not always take reason for its guide: it follows more willingly the imagination, which always flatters its portraits. Hope also often deceives itself from want of experience; for experience is only acquired by a knowledge of the past, and Hope knows only the future—Thus our hopes are often no more than the dreams of the night; and we resemble the glass-man in the story, who overset his fortune with a kick of his foot, and awoke from his reverie to disappointment.



*The Force of Filial Affection.*

AN AFFECTING TALE.

(CONCLUDED.)

HERE, unable to contain himself any longer, he broke from her, and hastened to carry his first design into execution, surrendered himself to the chief Magistrate; who, after having asked him the necessary questions upon similar occasions, ordered him to be taken into custody; tho' he at the same time, felt an unusual something which pleaded in his behalf: in pity, therefore, to his youth and amiable appearance, he also ordered, that while he was strictly guarded, he should be treated with all the indulgence which a prison would admit of. When he returned to the apartment in which he had left his family, he spoke of his young prisoner in terms that not only discovered his own compassion, but strongly excited theirs.—Lucillia, who happened to be his daughter, was particularly affected by her father's description. "O, sir, (exclaimed she eagerly) I know him—I know him—He is my Pierre—Indeed,—indeed he is not guilty!"

Extremely surprised at the behaviour of his daughter, the compassionate magistrate (not having known till that moment that she was tenderly prepossessed in favour of any man) desired her to inform him of all she knew relating to the criminal; and from her account of him, as well as from his own observations, most sincerely wished that he might be exculpated; lamenting, at the same time, the trying situation of a magistrate, who, not being able to read the hearts of men, might run the risque of condemning the innocent instead of the guilty. However, to give Lucillia all the consolation in his power, and also to give relief to his own benevolent mind, he added, that if no witnesses appeared, his criminality could not be properly ascertained.

Pierre, who in his eagerness to provide for his mother had not thought of producing such necessary proofs of his guilt, as soon as he heard that they were requisite became very restless how to procure them, as he was shut up from the sight of all men.

At this juncture his brother Lewis, hearing of his being in prison, made the earliest application to see him: and his request was granted. While he was expressing his concern and sorrow at his having been capable of committing so atrocious an action, Pierre interrupted him by intreating his appearance against him.

"How! (replied Lewis) would you render me not only guilty of uttering the grossest falsehoods, but of being instrumental, by those falsehoods, to the destruction of a brother with whom I have ever lived in the strictest friendship? Surely, you must have lost your reason!"

Lewis then talking calmly to his brother more at large upon this very interesting subject, Pierre confessed at last, that he had declared himself an assassin with no other view than to procure the reward offered, for his mother, whose distresses pierced him to the quick.

Lewis, astonished at this confession, could not help admiring his motive, while he disapproved his uncommon heroism; and in consequence of this disapprobation, he absolutely refused to be a evidence against him. Pierre, however, at length almost talked him into an acquiescence with every thing that might tend to the relief of their mother under the heavy pressure of her poverty.

Lewis now leaving Pierre, went to his mother: who seeing him appear unusually dejected, conjectured that something very disagreeable had happened, and questioned him closely about the absence of her eldest son.

Before he could give her a satisfactory answer, he was summoned to attend the trial of his brother. Pierre, having earnestly entreated him to be firm, and to speak boldly against him, soon received his sentence; a sentence which the chief magistrate and the counsellors assembled neither wished for, nor expected.

Madame Durand, beginning to harbour some suspicions, from the excessive affliction into which her youngest son was plunged, upon his return home from the trial forced a discovery from him, flew to the magistrate frantic with grief, placed herself between him and her son, fondly expatiated upon his disinterested filial affection, and in the most moving language besought his judge not to suffer a man to be executed for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent; a man who possessed a mind sufficiently noble to make him sacrifice his life for his mother's subsistence!

The judge and the counsellors were exceedingly affected by all they saw, and all they heard; yet they could not tell which way to determine.

Lucillia at this moment pressing through the crowd, almost out of breath, and calling to some people to follow her, begged her father to hear them, assuring him that Pierre was not guilty; adding, that the real assassin was found, that he had

confessed the murder, and that fearing they should come too late, she had hurried into court with them. Her blushes, and the extreme agitation of her whole frame moved all the father in the judge: he waited, however, to hear the information which was brought with regard to the actual murderer; and on being satisfied that his intelligence was authentic, that the actual murderer stood before him, ordered the guards to unbind Pierre.

Madame Durand then clasping her released son to her affectionate bosom, held him there for some moments in an agony of joy, weeping over him, and pouring out her fervent acknowledgements to the Supreme Judge for the preservation of a son, whose filial affection she could not help extolling, at the same, in the strongest terms. Pierre tenderly returned his mother's affectionate embraces, and then, turning to Lucillia, thanked her for so kindly interesting herself upon his account.

The magistrate, who had at first been struck with his person and behaviour, expressed his surprise at, and admiration of such an uncommon proof of filial affection, and at the same time thanked Heaven for not permitting him to be the cause, thro' an error in judgment, of his unmerited death. He then asked his daughter, how they became acquainted. She immediately related all that had passed between them at her aunt's—adding, "I hope, sir, you will not condemn me for the choice of a man, in whose favour you owned yourself prejudiced, even when you believed him guilty of the blackest of crimes."

Instead of returning an answer to this speech, he addressed himself to Madame Durand; and after having congratulated her on being the mother of such a son, thus proceeded: "In order to make you some amends, Madam, for the distresses of various kinds in which you have been unfortunately involved, I must desire you to look upon my daughter, for the future, as your own. My fortune shall be settled on her and your son, if you approve of their union."

It is not easy to describe either the mother's gratitude or the son's exultation on the conclusion of this address. Lewis and Mademoiselle D'Aubine were sent for to be partakers of their joy: the worthy magistrate then said to Pierre, "Be but as good a husband as you have been a son, and it will be my daughter's own fault, if she is not the happiest of wives."

APHORISM—He who renders full justice to his enemy shall have friends to adore him.

## ACCOUNT OF A HINDOO DEVOTEE.

[From Captain Turner's 'Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Tesloo Lama, in Tibet.'

THE Goesin Prânpooree exhibited so extraordinary an instance of religious penance, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating some particulars of his life.

Having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, he was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground nor lie down to rest, for the space of twelve years. All this time he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I inquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep, when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post; but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing without such support.

The complete term of his first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of 12 years. Whether this particular period is chosen in compliment to the 12 signs of the zodiac, or to the Indian cycle of twelve years, I cannot decide. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that before the term of this vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India through Guzerat. He then passed by Surat to Bussora, and thence to Constantinople. From Turkey he went to Ispahan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language, in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kassauks (hordes of Cossacs) upon the borders of the Caspian Sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery; but at length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscow. He then travelled through the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and thro' Siberia arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomboo, and Nipal, down to Calcutta.

When I first saw him at this place, in

the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tangun horse, from Bootan, and wore a satin embroidered dress, given to him by Tesboo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale; and his complexion, contrasted with a long bushy black beard, appeared really florid. I do not suppose that he was then forty years of age. Two Goseins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own being fixed and immoveable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless.

The circulation of blood seemed to have forsaken his arms; they were withered, void of sensation, and inflexible. Yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

Other Goseins assured me, though I could not help doubting the fact, that it is practicable to restore withered limbs, thus circumstanced, to perfect use. This is effected they say, though not without great labour and some pain, by means of long continued friction, before a large fire, with a certain ointment which they compound. To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understand that there still remained two other experiments for Prânpooree to perform. In the first of these, the devotee is suspended by the feet to a branch of a tree, over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and swung backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pahr and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself, for the last act of probation, which is, to be buried alive standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose; the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered. In this situation he must remain for one pahr and a quarter, that is, 3 hours and three quarters; and if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank among the most pure of the Yogee (Jugi.)

[Bost. W. Mag,

## EPIGRAM.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

JOHNNY BULL AND BONEY PARTE,

Says BONEY to JOHNNY, I'll soon be at Dover!

Says JOHNNY to BONEY, That's doubted by some;

Says BONEY, But what if I really come over?

Says JOHNNY, Then really you'll be over come.

## PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 1, 1803.

## Health of the City.

## HEALTH-OFFICE REPORTS.

ENDING EACH DAY AT NOON.

Cases of Malignant Fever in the City and Liberties.

Sept. 24. From thirty-two physicians—5 new cases, and 1 suspicious.

Sept. 26. From twenty-five physicians, for 48 hours—2 new cases, and 1 suspicious—exclusive of the cases admitted into the City Hospital.

Sept. 27. From twenty-nine physicians—8 new cases, and 2 near Schuylkill, taken on the 22d.

Sept. 28. From twenty-nine physicians—3 new cases, 1 suspicious, and 1 taken on the 25th.

Sept. 29. From thirty-two physicians—7 new cases.

Sept. 30. From twenty-nine physicians—8 new cases, and 2 suspicious.

Total number of cases reported to the Board of Health from the 16th to the 30th of September, is 77, and 20 said to be suspicious.

## City Hospital Reports.

Ending each day at 8 o'clock in the morning.

	Admit.	Died	Dischar.	Rem. in Hosp.	
Sept. 24.	2	4	1	16	4
— 25.—	8	0	1	23	4
— 26.—	5	3	1	24	5
— 27.—	2	2	4	20	6
— 28.—	3	1	1	21	6
— 29.—	3	0	1	23	7
— 30.—	4	2	0	25	7
27		12	9		
22		6	7		last week.
Total	49	18	16		from the 16th to the 30th Sept.

convalescent.

## INTERMENTS

In the Public Ground.

Sept. 24.	8
— 25.	3
— 26.	6
— 27.	7
— 28.	8
— 29.	4
— 30.	7
	— 43 total.

Interments in the different Burial-grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia:—ending each day at noon.



(Collected for the Board of Health)

	Adults	Children	Total
Sept. 24.	9	3	12
— 25. }			
— 26. }	21	7	28
— 27.	16	4	20
— 28.	14	2	16
— 29.	5	5	10
— 30.	9	4	13
—	74	25	99
— 1st to 23d	137	58	195
Total for Sep- tember }	211	83	294

### FEVER IN NEW-YORK.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

September 23. Thirty-four new cases, and six deaths.  
September 24. Forty new cases, and nine deaths.  
September 26. For the last 48 hours—Thirty-nine new cases, and twenty-one deaths.

September 27. Fifty-six new cases, and seven deaths.  
September 28. Forty-six new cases, and 9 deaths.  
September 29. Thirteen new cases, and seven deaths.

Deaths in the city of New-York, from the 16th to the 24th of September—Adults, 75; Children, 30—Total 105. Of whom 55 were of the fever.

The whole number of cases of fever reported since the commencement of the epidemic to Saturday evening last, is 939—The whole number of deaths, for the same period, including those at Bellevue and the Marine Hospital, is 386.

From a Census of the city of N. York, taken last week, for the purpose of ascertaining the present number of inhabitants, it appears that in the 1st Ward 1370—2d do. 549—3d do. 1237—4th do. 2757—in all 5913 in the 4 Wards.—Previous to the appearance of the prevailing epidemic, the number of inhabitants in the above wards was computed at not less than 26,000.

INTERMENTS in the different burying grounds of the city of Baltimore, for the week, ending the 26th ult. at sun-rise—Adults, 8; Children, 15—Total, 23.

### FEVER AT ALEXANDRIA.

Reports of the Committee of Health.

Sept. 22. Six new cases, and two deaths.  
Sept. 23. One new case.  
Sept. 26. For 48 hours, two deaths.  
Sept. 27. One death.  
Sept. 28. Two deaths.

It appears that the fever at Alexander has nearly subsided.

### Singular Accident.

A most remarkable circumstance happened in Wych-street, opposite the gate of the New Inn, (Eng.) About 10 o'clock in the morning, a woman very decently dressed, came up to a man who was coming that way, and attempting to lay hold of him, fell back and immediately expired.

On being searched, there was nothing which could lead to a knowledge of her name or who she was; for tho' some pawn-broker's duplicates were found in her pocket, the articles appeared to have been pledged under some other names, as the pawn-broker declared he was unacquainted with the person of the woman. She was conveyed to the work-house, where the Coroner's jury sat, and found a verdict of "*died by the visitation of the hand of God.*"

The most extraordinary part of the anecdote is, that that the man who was so accosted by the deceased, and who appears to have been a porter in the Brownlow-street Lying in Hospital, as soon as he came home, said he had received a shock from which he should never recover, and died in the course of the day. [Lon. pa.

### SUICIDE.

A few days since, (says a Portland paper, of the 19th inst.) a young woman by the name of Appleton, deprived herself of life, by twisting 20 strands of tow yarn about her neck with one hand, whilst with the other, she held herself up by the round of a ladder. She was found in this situation; and her arm being loosed from the ladder, she fell and broke one of her legs. She had been melancholy several months, on account of the doubts she entertained respecting the mode of religion she ought to profess. Her father, it seems, was a Baptist, who told her, *If she did not join the Baptist church she would be damned.* Her mother, who was a Congregationalist, assured her that *she would be damned if she did join the Baptists.* Thus circumstanced, her melancholy commenced, and continued to increase, till she strangled herself in despair. The young woman was about 20 years old, and resided in Buxton, Maine.

THE following fact is communicated by a Dr. Watkins, from his personal knowledge:—There is a village, called New-Design, about 15 miles from the Mississippi, and 20 miles from St. Louis, containing about 40 houses and 200 souls. It is on high ground, but surrounded by ponds. In 1797, the yellow fever carried off 57 of the inhabitants, or more than a fourth. No person had arrived at the village from any part of the country where this fever had prevailed, for more than 12 months preceding. Our informant resided in the village at the time; and, having seen the disease in Philadelphia, he declares it to be the same that prevailed at New-Design. He also mentions an Indian village depopulated by the same disease, two or three years before.

### LEXINGTON, (KEN.) SEPT. 13.

Messrs. Johnson and Sugget, commenced digging for salt water in Scott County, on M'Connell's run, in the month of Sept. 1802. After digging about 25 feet, they were obliged to desist in consequence of the winter setting in; they resumed the work again this summer, and sunk a shaft about 8 feet square, to the depth of 55 feet in the whole, without any considerable discovery of salt water; they then concluded to bore down a considerable depth with an inch and half augur; accordingly they bored 15 feet, and on Tuesday evening last, struck the salt water, which gushed thro' the hole so fast, that it filled the shaft 8 feet in 4 hours, and has risen 26 feet high in less than 24 hours, and it is thought will rise to within 25 feet of the surface of the earth, the place where the first appearance of salt water was discovered.

From calculation it appears that 800 gallons of water rose thro' the augur hole per hour; and from the quality of the water it is the general opinion that less than 200 gallons will produce a bushel of salt, so that we may safely conclude, that water sufficient to make 4 bushels of salt per hour may now be had, which will be 96 bushels per day.

### RECORD.

ON the 23d Sept. the sun entered the sign of Libra; at the same time the planets Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and the Georgian planet or Herschel, were also in Libra; Venus and Saturn were both in the 24th degree of Virgo, but six degrees distant from the sun. Thus all the planets were nearly in conjunction with the sun, at the same period that the sun crossed the line. Many years must elapse before a similar concurrence can take place. It will worthy of attention, whether this singular phenomenon produced any material effect on the weather. [Bal. Fed. Gaz.

### Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Mr. Thomas T. Stiles, printer, to Miss Mary Harper, both of this City.

—, on the 22d ult. Mr. John Crothers, merchant taylor, to Miss Jane Lush, both of this city.

—, same day, by the Rev. Mr. Helfestine, Mr. John Snyder, to Miss Mary Murdough, both of this city.

—, same day by Heath Norbury, esq. at Major Jones' seat. Bockley's, Mr. James Mavis, to Miss Hannah Hunter, both of Delaware county.

### Deaths.

DIED, on the 21st ult. after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Gaw, consort of Mr. Robert Gaw, of South-wark—She was possessed of all those amiable qualities which are necessary to make her death long regretted by an affectionate husband, and a large circle of relations and friends.

—, on the 22d ult. of the prevailing fever, Mary Prior Massey, daughter of the late Samuel Massey.

—, on the 23d ult. after a short illness, at her sister's country-seat, Mrs. Ann Rowley, in the 48th year of her age. The death of this amiable woman is sincerely regretted by her extensive circle of acquaintance.

—, on the 24th ult. after a tedious illness, Mr. Michael O'Connor, of this city.

—, on the 25th inst. Mr. James Logan, an aged, worthy, and respectable inhabitant of this city. He was the son of James Logan, one of the first settlers of this state, and one of Penn's commissioners for the transaction of his business in the first laying out of the state.

—, on the 26th ult. after a short illness of 4 days, which he supported with Christian fortitude, Mr. Daniel N. Pittman, in the 21st year of his age. He was of an obliging disposition, of inflexible integrity, and bid fair to be an ornament to society.

—, of the prevailing fever, Mr. Thomas Wigmore, pocket-book maker—a good neighbour, and a worthy member of the community.

—, on the 27th ult. of the prevailing fever in the 25th year of his age, Mr. George Washington Mearns,—a young man possessed of a virtuous and improved mind, and of a liberal education.

—, on the 28th ult. Miss Sophia Barclay, aged 13 years. She was a gentle amiable child, and bore her severe illness with the fortitude of a Christian. Grief is unavailing; yet, sweet shade,

Accept these tears, mortality's relief;

And, 'till we share your joys, forgive our grief.

These little rites, a stone a verse:

'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.

—, lately, at Trinidad, Henry St. Auburn, esq. the celebrated traveller.

## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

The author asks leave to observe, that he was personally acquainted with the characters who are the subject of the following lines. *William* and *Mary*, Welch emigrants, arrived in the Delaware in the Spring of the year 1801; and after a few months residence in Philadelphia, circumstances occasioned *William* to go to New-York; *Mary* remained behind, expecting every day his return, or a call to follow him. It was, however, her sad fate never to behold her husband again; he died in about ten or twelve days after his arrival in that city, of the yellow or bilious fever. Part of these verses were wrote and inserted in a prayer-book, by the request of the disconsolate Widow, immediately afterwards.

### THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

ON *Cambria's* land, of ancient fame,  
And long an ancient Briton's pride,  
To me young *William* wooing came,  
And made me there his joyful bride.

Tho' humble was our early lot,  
And simple was our homely fare;  
We had a Garden and a Cot,  
And oft to mis'ry we could spare.

But tyranny's hard, iron grip,  
My *William* forc'd from home to stray;  
He sold his garden, cot—His scrip  
He seiz'd, and thus to me did say:

"O come, my *Mary*, come with me,  
We'll seek some distant happier land,  
Where we from tyrants may be free,  
And from oppression's heavy hand!"

And I repli'd—"With thee I'll go,  
Unto the earth's remotest bound;  
My heart no happiness can know,  
If not with thee I'm ever found."  
We plighted vows of love and truth,  
That nought but death should us divide;  
And, with the husband of my youth,  
I ventur'd on the swelling tide.

For many days and many nights,  
We rode upon the boist'rous main;  
And oft our vows of love, and plights,  
We each, with joys renew'd again.

*Columbia's* hospitable strand  
At length appear'd—(the *Exile's* home!)  
We hail'd, and bless'd the happy land,  
Whence we should not be forc'd to roam.

For months we liv'd in peace and love,  
My *William* was my only pride;  
And from me nought his heart could move—  
But cruel fate did us divide.

'Twas fate,—and ah! 'twas fate severe,  
That caus'd him e'er from me to stray—

One morn he call'd me—"Mary dear,  
My love, from thee I must away."

I wept—he said, "My only dear,  
Weep not—for tho' from thee I go,  
Soon I'll return;—then do not fear,  
For my fidelity you know."

A kiss he gave,—then bade farewell—  
A sad farewell, which long I've mourn'd;  
For, oh! the tale how shall I tell—  
He hath not since to me return'd.

Nine days were past since we did part,  
And each full thrice its length did seem;  
The tenth had nearly broke my heart,  
When tidings from my *William* came.

Sad tidings,—thus to me did say,  
"Oh! *Mary* haste, and come to me;  
My trembling frame doth fast decay;  
I long thy face once more to see."

But ere the morrow's mid-day sun  
Had run its course, fresh tidings came,  
(My journey was not yet begun)  
Ah! long shall I lament the same.

The letter's superscription bore,  
(My eye quick mark'd) a stranger's hand;  
Ah! who could count my sorrow's o'er!  
Or who such cause of grief withstand!

The stranger's lines dread news convey—  
"Last eve, when day was near its close,  
Thy husband's spirit fled away  
To realms of peace, and blest repose."

Death seiz'd him thus a youthful prize,  
No relative assistance gave;  
Without a friend to close his eyes,  
The death-bed bore him to his grave.

Far from his native land he fell;  
Far from his friends, and far from home;  
And far from me, who lov'd him well....  
Mournful his fate, and sad my doom!

No stone to tell where he doth lie,  
Stands o'er his grave, of sculptur'd art;  
No verse to draw the traveller's sigh;  
But long he'll live within my heart:

And I shall ne'er forget the morn  
When we exchang'd the parting kiss;  
To me a widow, sad, forlorn,  
'Twill prove a source of future bliss:

And still I'll mind my marriage ties—  
His vows to me, of love and truth,  
I'll ne'er forget, (tho' cold he lies)  
The faithful husband of my youth.

Ah no!—Be this my latest sigh,  
When death shall mark me for his own,—  
My *William's* spirit, still be nigh  
To guide me to my Saviour's throne.

Ye virgins who his corse dwell near,  
Drop o'er his dust one tear of woe;  
And round his grave, from year to year,  
Let flow'rs of spring in beauty grow.

D. E.

### THE DISEASE.

—WHERE sad disease, on ev'ry brow  
Paints anguish, fear and woe;  
The streets once gay, deserted now—  
All eyes with tears o'erflow.

Where once the rattling chariot drove,  
The cart and noisy dray—  
The hearse or bier is seen to move,  
With horror and dismay.

Perhaps some orphan mourns its fate,  
Parents their offspring gone;  
Or some fair maiden mourns, too late,  
Some lover lately won.

The father, son, and mother too,  
The honest man and knave,  
Presents as objects to your view,  
To feed the yawning grave.

None 'scapes the blow which death brings home,  
All sink beneath his dart;  
The slave expects his fatal doom—  
The tyrant feels his smart.

W. C. D.

### ACROSTIC.

#### RELIGION.

REFRESHMENT to the weary mind;  
Each grief's soft-soothing balm;  
Lull'd by thy pow'r, the soul may find  
In storms a calm!  
Ground of substantial happiness!  
In thee we may confide;  
Our present help in dark distress....  
No help beside.

P. S.

### SELECTED.

### THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY;

OR,

A new Puzzle\* in Praise of Women.

HAPPY a man may pass his life  
While freed from matrimonial chains,  
When he is governed by a wife,  
He's sure to suffer for his pains.  
What tongue is able to declare  
The failings which in women dwell,  
The worth that falls to woman's share,  
Can scarce be call'd—perceptible.

In all the female race appear,  
Hypocrisy, deceit and pride,  
Truth—darling in a heart sincere,  
In woman never can reside.

They're always studying to employ  
Their time in vanity and prate,  
Their leisure hours in social joy  
To spend, is what all woman hate.

Destruction take the men I say,  
Who make of women their delight,  
Those who contempt to women pay,  
Keep prudence always in their sight.

\* When read for the praise of women, the first and third lines, then the second and fourth must be read.